THE RANDOLPH JOURNAL.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE GARDEN.

The Garden is a bound volume of agricultural life, written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade and hoe in rhyme. Every flower or fruit-bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type and curse of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery or savory roots or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of *belles letters* of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden, lying on the sunny side of the house, marks with great precision, the degree of mind and heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perception of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the miror of his inner life to all who pass; and with an observant eye they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful ceremonies in the corn-field. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and you can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will re-produce the seed-thought he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt, gruff negative to the question in the garden or yard.—*Elihu Burritt.*

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

We find in a sermon of Theodore Parker the following story. The subject of his discourse was "Rest:"

They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, sat in the court of the temple on fast day, disputing about rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The third that it was possession of power to rule the State. The fifth, that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said all were vain unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the tradition of the elders.

There sat a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said "Nay, nay, fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a happy home without it; better than honored age; he is law to himself above all tradition."

THE EVENING LESSON.

"Brush up the stove hearth, Jenny," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and wipe up the zinc nicely. Take all those clean clothes, wet and dry and lay them in the basket, and make the room look as cheerful as you can before father and the boys get home."

"Well mother," said Jenny, a little discontentedly, "I don't know that it is any worse for them to have a little discomfort once in a while in doors, than it is for us to have so much trouble all the time.

They have no idea how hard it is to get up clean clothes for them every week, nor how much discomfort we have to put up with."

"Neither do we know how hard it is to work all day in the fields to get food for us all at home. But you are tired to-night, my dear, and you never can feel very happy with your hair in such disorder. Run right away and bathe your face, and brush up a little, and you will find your spirits wonderfully enlivened."

Jenny went away with a reluctant step, to do as she was bid; but after a while she came down again, looking fifty per cent. at least better than she did before. Her hair was brushed back smoothly from her rosy sun-kissed cheeks, and her plain calico dress and gingham apron, looked better than many an elegant ball-room costume. She did not need to be told now to make the room as tidy as possible; she stepped about lightly here and there putting to rights one little nook and another—drew father's arm-chair up to the sun-set window where he loved best to sit, and saw that the lounge was cleared of all incombrances so that Ned might throw himself down and rest after his favorite fashion.

"I knew that it would rest you, if you put yourself in better trim," said mother, "even though you were tired. I need not ask you if you do not feel better; your looks tell very plainly. It always pays to be neat and orderly. It is worth more than a great sum of money to have home the pleasantest spot in the world to fathers and brothers. It never would be if we adopted Mrs. Halsey's plan."

"No, indeed, mother, I can not even bear to go there on an errand. I do not see how the family can endure to live in a home so constantly 'in the suds.' She never dresses up herself unless she goes to a funeral; and her children are little frights, with thin out-grown soiled dresses on half the summer. I used to pity them when they went to school."

"Well, Jenny, every time we permit an untidy room that could be put to rights as well as left, or allow supper time to find us with a soiled work dress on, when we might put on a clean one we take a step in that direction. Untidy people do not become so all at once; but bad habits grow faster than cucumbers. You can not hold them in check unless you fairly root them out. All the little delicacies and refinements of life that we cultivate are good for the heart as well as the body. They make us more gentle and thoughtful of the comfort of others, and help us form nobler and more beautiful characters, and that is our great life-work here, my daughter—the formation of right characters. Nothing is trifling which bears upon this great work."

"Only one Slide and Nobody'll Know."

Nellie Bills lived near a broad and dashing river. In the summer time she often crept down the ledge bordering one shore, and gathered those frail, delicate beauties, the wild hare-bell. Near the house was a beautiful garden, where she could play at "hide and seek," or "rest you, my dear, in the arbor fair," for hours together. Ah, what gay, sweet roses lifted their perfumed crowns in clustering masses! What verbenas, and quiet, tender-looking pansies, nodded their tiny petals in the soft morning air; and birds, such hosts of them as caroled "early matins!"

'Twas a charming home. "The kindest, dearest father and mother in all the world," Nellie said, "lived there." And we should think it only right to expect that such loving parents had an obedient child. Shall I be obliged to say, that though in the main the little girl did not wait to be told twice to do a thing, yet sometimes she was very disobedient, and much more anxious to follow her own wishes, than others wiser and older?

One day in midwinter the cook was sick, and Nellie's mother had a great deal of extra care, so she called her little girl to set the table for dinner. The cheerful "Yes, mother," was as good as a promise to the heart of the mother, and she went about her household ways again.

Alas, our Nellie cast a long, lingering look upon the fair, crisp snow, carpeting the fields, and the "flat" near them, glistening in its glassy surface, and mother and duty were secondary considerations.—'Only one slide," she said to herself, and away she ran, whispering softly, "Nobody'll know!"

"Only one slide," indeed, Nellie! and *didn't* "any body know?" When dinner was ready no table was set, and no Nellie to be seen; but hearing a bitter cry, the mother opened the door, and met Tim, the chore-boy, bringing in, in his stout arms, the disobedient child.

"Just one run and one slide," indeed—just that and no more—for a long, sharp icicle had pierced the tender flesh, and Nellie walked no more that winter.

And what shall the lesson be, little one? "Only one slide and no more" has been the ruin of many. And Nellie said, "Nobody'll know!" Whose eyes see us all—our down-sitting and our up rising? There *is* One who never slumbers nor sleeps. Do not forget, as Nellie did, that the Father above seeth all; his eyes are in every place.

THE LITTLE KING-BIRD.

You may call Miss Jenny Wren a little shrew, if you please; but she can't begin to keep up with the little king-bird, after her nest is made. Then, from a peaceable, comfortable bird she changes into a little fury, almost—all out of love for her pretty birdlings, you will understand. If any other bird ventures to come near her nest, she flies at it with bristling feather and dauntless heart, compelling birds a great deal larger and stronger to beat a hasty retreat. Even the great bald eagle dreads this persistent little antagonist, much as a man might dread a hornet he could not catch. If one approaches, the little king mounts up in the air far above his head, and pounces down on his neck dealing out the blows with his little bill both right and left. The old eagle shakes himself, and wheels back and forth as swiftly as his strong wings can bear him, but all in vain. The little musketo on his back keeps its hold. A pair of them are enough to conquer the proudest-spirited of our national birds.

There is one little fellow, however, who is a match for him, and that is the purple martin. He can fly as fast as the little king-bird, and often leads him a weary chase. There are always enough to tease cross people, and the red-headed woodpecker seems to delight in teasing this little shrew. They may often be seen playing bo peep around a tree or rail, the king-bird chattering and scolding, and trying in vain to pluck a feather out of Red Poll's cap.

She has a very curious taste in one respect. She does not care for honey, but she will nip off the bees whenever she can get a chance; so farmers are not very friendly to her, and often bring her little life to an untimely end. It is rather ungrateful, though, after her valuable services in destroying every day a hundred or more of the mischievous insects which destroy his grain and fruit. The horses and cattle would thank her every day, if they knew how, for picking off so many of those terrible black gad-flies which cause them so much suffering. She watches them with her keen little eye, as she sits and swings on some mullen or briertop, and nips them up in a twinkling.

Be thankful for the thousands of little birds the Creator has taught such useful lessons, and never be so cruel and unwise as to kill one. *Presbyterian.*

GEN. GRANT KISSED BY THE FAIR LADIES.—On Monday at 9 o'clock, the General performed the greatest military movement of his life. He performed a successful movement on the people of Chicago, and visited Union Hall in quiet and peace, remaining there till 10 o'clock. There were present a large number of the most beautiful "aids," and the general was instantly surrounded by the volunteer staff. Here a most laughable incident occurred.

Mrs. Livermore said to him, "General Grant, these girls are dying to kiss you—but they don't dare to do it." "Well," said the gallant General, 'if they want to kiss me why don't they? Nobody has offered to since I have been here."

Instantly about a hundred fairies pounced upon him. He attempted to retreat, but in vain; he essayed to break through the rosy ranks, without success. Then, for the first time, he confessed himself vanquished, and calmly awaited the event. Never was such a man subjected so such an ordeal. On came the maidens by squads, in file, or singly; they hit him on the forehead, pelted him on the nose; smacked him on the cheek, chin or neck. There must be a dozen of kisses laying around loose, hidden in the General's whiskers. During this terrible ordeal, the hero of a hundred battles blushed until his face became almost purple. At last the girls were partly appeased in their "noble rage," and he escaped.

A GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE COMING.—General Sully, in a private letter from Sioux City, gives the following interesting account of the grasshopper plague which is desolating the regions of country he has traversed. He says: "The only thing spoken of about here is grasshoppers. They are awful. They have actually eaten holes in my wagon covers, and in the paulins that cover up stores. A soldier on his way here laid down to sleep in the middle of the day on the prairie—the troops had been marching all night. His comrades noticed him covered with grasshoppers and woke him. His throat and wrists were bleeding from the bites of these insects.

This is no fiction. Last year, about five days' march from the Yellow Stone, we met the army of grasshoppers on their way East. After that I suffered greatly for grass, and many animals died.—The grasshoppers made a general clearing down to this place, and here disappeared. This year they appeared very small, at first, but they are fast growing, and getting wings, when I suppose they will start somewhere else. These insects that have appeared this year are no doubt from the eggs of those of last year, for there are none above Randall or far east of this. I wonder what the Quartermaster-General in Washington would say if he should receive a report of tents, wagon covers, and paulins unserviceable and condemned, eaten up by grasshoppers."

ANTIDOTE FOR MAD DOG BITE.—The Leipsic, Germany, Journal, publishes the following antidote for the bite of a mad dog, which, it says, was an exclusive secret with a Saxon forester, but who growing old was unwilling to let it die with him, and therefore procured its publication. He is said to have used it for fifty years, and rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia.

THE ANTIDOTE.—Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water; wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralized.

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two: we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker ought often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, and the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of the morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING.—At the last meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, the following novel way of preventing cattle from jumping fences was stated:

"We lately learned a curious remedy to prevent steers from jumping fences, which is so easy of application and appears so effectual, that we give it to the public. It is simply to cut off the eye lashes of the upper lids with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as effectually destroyed as Simpson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until his eye-lashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutchess county, who assures us that he had tested it upon a pair of very breachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others."